To Mrs. Garrison.

116 N. 11th St. Phila.

March 11th 1873

My Dear Friend,

I never need a reminder of yourself and dear Mr. Garrison, for I keep you both ever in my heart. But if I had needed one I should have found it last evening in Frederick Douglass's lecture in the "Star Course" of this city. I went to hear him, partly because, for the first time, a colored man was permitted to lecture in our Grand Opera House, partly because it was a long time since I had heard him, & partly because he was announced to speak on the subject of "Slavery & Anti Slavery in America." He did indeed carry us back to the old old times of our anti-slavery

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warfare, and we "fought our
battles o'er again" with some-
thing of the old enthusiasm,
mingled with deep thanksgiv-
ing for the great victory won.
I say "we", but it was a very
small "we"; for in that vast
audience of (probably) 3000
persons there were very few who
made a part of the Anti-Slave-
ry Enterprise from its begin-
ning. I think I never realized,
quite so vividly, how old we are;
& that another generation has
arisen & attained mature life
since we "old veterans" first put
ourselves into anti-slavery harn-
ess. Some of our later co-workers,
who came into the field at its
more advanced stages, and
some still younger who joined
us before it was accomplished,
were there, listening with bated

breath & sympathetic throbbing
of heart to the story of the
long struggle, or rather of cer-
tain passages in it; for this
was all that one lecture could
present. But to the audience
generally the whole theme was,
evidently almost as new & strange
as if its incidents had belonged
to a far-off land a century ago.
The very names which on the lec-
turer's lips & in our ears were as
household words, were, many of
them, unknown to that assembly,
& awakened no responsive emotion.
Not all of them, of course; the
very prominent leaders who chal-
lenged the world's attention, dur-
ing our long fight, were well
known by this generation; but
there are many, of whom J. D.
spoke, whom you & I knew so well,
& honored & loved & hold in remem-
brance for their work's sake, whom

the present generation of Philadel-
phians never knew, & never will
know. His glowing, beautiful,
truthful tribute to Mr. Garri-
son elicited appreciative re-
sponse; and his reference to
Lucretia Mott did, also.
To some other well-known
names they also responded;
but as I said before, I was
very deeply impressed with
the lapse of time since our work
began & culminated. And I have
a sort of tender compassion
for those who are too young to
have shared our glorious privi-
lege of ~~living~~ living through
the Anti-Slavery Enterprise
& making a part of it, as for
those born out of due time.
Yet doubtless, God hath pro-
vided if not some better, at
least, some good thing for

their, some noble work; if they would but listen to His call, to do with their might what their hands find to do.

How the world rushes on! And how one Reform treads on the heels of another! There is Woman suffrage, not an accomplished fact; but becoming such with a degree of rapidity which astonishes me. The "irrepressible negro" has been succeeded by the "irrepressible woman."

I do not think it worth while to say much about my long delay in writing to you; further than this; that it was not in my heart to be so long without communicating with you; but a sprained wrist (my right one) and severe & long-continued

good for much, as has an exertion of any kind for months. Mrs Conger's throat is still a little as bad as when she was here. Mrs Sickles ordered to utter her

influenza made sad havoc
of my plans & purposes dur-
ing the winter; and even yet
my pile of unanswered letters
is formidable; and until very
recently the pressure of delay-
ed & accumulating business has
been very serious. Now I have
begun to attack my friends
with letters; and I hope that
the length of this one will
notify you & Mr. Garrison;
(for I feel that I am writing
to him also when I write to you.)
I trust that this next sum-
mer will not pass without
my seeing you both; and the
children & grandchildren
around you; so dear to me for
your sakes, & for their own.
And I have to make the ac-
quaintance of Frank's mem-

sake, who I trust will be worthy
to bear his uncle's name.

I occasionally hear from you,
indirectly, and I have been
told that William has re-
covered his health, & regain-
ed much strength of nerve.
I trust that it is so. I learn-
ed, with deep regret, that both
George & William suffered great
loss of property by the the
terrible fire in Boston.

My cousins suffered in the
same way, though only one of them
severely. My young cousin, Edward
Glew, lost all his property, & nearly
all. Some of them found that the
losses were not quite so great as
they at first believed. I trust that
such was the case with your
sons. How bravely Boston
bore up under the calamity!

I seemed to me a good moral
lesson for the nation.

Do you hear from Mary
Brown? She has not yet writ-
ten to me, but I learn from her
sister Charlotte, that she is
surpassingly happy with her
Adolf, and is enjoying very
much her visits with the
Van der Wielen family. I pre-
sume that she will return
next Fall, if not before. Char-
lotte is engaged to Mr. Lover-
ing Wharton, a very good young
man, I hear; a son of Mr. Charles
Wharton. Miss Hilborn, whom
you knew (now Mrs. Fulton) is plea-
antly established in her new
home in Conshohocken, about
17 miles from town. Margaret & I
called on her, lately. Margaret
sends her love to Mr. Garrison &
yourself, in which I unite most
heartily. We are, neither of us,

Even to this very long letter
I must add a scrap of paper,
just to say that I hope, Mr.
Garrison, that you will com-
ply with the request of your
friends, and prepare your bio-
graphy. I want it, while I live,
& to bequeath it to my grand ne-
phews & nieces. I signed, with
great pleasure, the printed
form of request sent to me by

by Oliver Johnson; and Margaret Bruleigh wanted to sign it, but not being asked to do so, modestly refrained. to she sends her request now.

M. G.